

# via paciis

*The voice of the Des Moines Catholic Worker community*

APRIL 2014

WWW.DMCATHOLICWORKER.ORG

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## DMCWer deported from Israel, report in her own words

**From:** Jessica Reznicek - Fri, Feb 7, 2014

On February 3rd, 2014, I was denied entry into Israel after being interrogated by over a dozen different Israeli security officials and agents and kept in a holding cell in the Tel Aviv airport for two days before being escorted by security onto a plane headed for JFK.

During interrogation processes, a man who told me (more like screamed at me, red-faced) that he was an Israeli secret service agent and that he knew everything about me and my terrorist intentions in Israel. He then read to me emails I had sent to loved ones a year ago while I was in the West Bank, he read to me reports I had written, and then proceeded to show me pictures taken of me by Israeli soldiers preventing an old man from being arrested for planting an olive tree.

**see DEPORTED on pg 3**

## DMCW Julie Brown arrested in West Bank

*On Tuesday, Feb. 11 Julie Brown was arrested by Israeli police. What follows are excerpts from Julie and Aaron's e-mails about the arrest . . .*

**From:** Julie Brown - Tue, Feb 11, 2014  
at 4:06 PM  
**Subject:** Got busted!!!

So just got released from Israeli custody. I'll write more later. They said I was going to be deported in the morning but I prayed about it and was let go!!! I was accused of assaulting a police officer and interfering with police action. It was all bull s\_\_t and I got to spend about seven hours in a settlement police station. Someone is looking out for me!! I'll give details when I get home.

**From:** Julie Brown - Wed, Feb 12, 2014  
at 7:44 AM  
**Subject:** Re: Got busted!!!

I may have to leave Hebron. I'm freaked about even going outside because the police and soldiers involved are the ones just out our door. The Sergeant told me that if I interfere with any official activities and if I end up in that police station again, it will be REALLY BAD for me. I believe him. This dude is scary...

**see EMAILS on pg 3**



## via pacis

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### SUBSCRIPTIONS

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### PHOTOS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

Unless noted (or we goofed), all photos and art are produced by the Des Moines Catholic Worker community.

### THE DES MOINES CATHOLIC WORKER COMMUNITY

*The Des Moines Catholic Worker Community, founded in 1976, is a response to the Gospel call to compassionate action as summarized by the Catholic Worker tradition.*

*We are committed to a simple, nonviolent lifestyle as we live and work among the poor. We directly serve others by opening the Dingman House as a drop-in center for those in need of food, clothing, toiletries, use of a phone, toilet, shower, or just a cup of coffee and conversation. We also engage in activities that advocate social justice.*

### BECOMING A DES MOINES CATHOLIC WORKER

We are open to new community members. For information about joining our mission, contact any community member or visit our website: [www.dmcatholicworker.org](http://www.dmcatholicworker.org).

### MAILING ADDRESS

Des Moines Catholic Worker  
PO Box 4551  
Des Moines IA 50305

### BISHOP DINGMAN HOUSE

(Drop-in Center and Business Phone)  
1310 7th St.  
Des Moines, IA 50314  
515-243-0765  
Live-in community members:  
Bryan Morrissey, David Goodner, Tommy Schmitz

### PHIL BERRIGAN HOUSE

(Autonomous and sister with the DMCW)  
713 Indiana Ave.  
Des Moines, IA 50314  
515-282-4781  
[frank.cordaro@gmail.com](mailto:frank.cordaro@gmail.com)  
Live-in community members:  
Frank Cordaro  
Live-in resident: Bob Cook

### VIOLA LIUZZO HOUSE

(New name pending)  
1301 8th St.  
Des Moines, IA 50314  
515-330-2172  
Live-in community members:  
Julie Brown, Aaron Jorgensen-Briggs

### RACHEL CORRIE HOUSE

1317 8th St.  
Des Moines, IA 50314  
515-777-2180  
Live-in community members: Norman Searah,  
Ed Bloomer, Gil Landolt, Al Burney, Bill Petsche

### WEEKLY LECTIONARY BIBLE STUDY

Mondays, 7:00 pm. Berrigan House.  
Call to confirm.

### MONTHLY VETERANS FOR PEACE MEETING

Berrigan House. For more information,  
contact Gil Landolt at [peacevet@hotmail.com](mailto:peacevet@hotmail.com)  
or call 515-333-2180.

### WEEKLY AA MEETING

Fridays, 5:00 pm, Berrigan house

### THE CHIAPAS PROJECT

Chiapas, Mexico  
Richard Flamer  
[flamerrichard@hotmail.com](mailto:flamerrichard@hotmail.com)

*As for ourselves, we must be meek, bear injustice, malice, and rash judgment. We must turn the other cheek, give up our cloak, go a second mile.*  
-Dorothy Day



## Visit the DMCW Webpage

<http://dmcatholicworker.org>

**See on homepage:** DMCW Julie Brown's featured Des Moines Register article "Julie Brown finds her tribe." Visit the Berrigan page and find links to the three E-mail listservs that Frank and Berrigan House maintains. Go to the Rachel Corrie page for updates on the Rachel Corrie Project. You will also find a page for our newsletter with issues for at least five years back with hopes of getting a complete digital copy of all the v.p.'s as time, \$\$\$ and expertise makes itself known. There is a page on how to help and one on community, yet to be developed . . . The guy behind our web-page effort is Aaron Jorgensen-Briggs. He does a great job for us. Aaron is also the guy responsible for our Occupy the World Food Prize campaign webpage, which is linked on the Berrigan page. Aaron welcomes feedback.

**Contact him at [flotson@gmail.com](mailto:flotson@gmail.com) and check out his blog, <http://flotson.net>**

## Hello, I'm Bryan Morrissey

*By Bryan Morrissey*

*Formerly a resident of the Platte Clove Bruderhof community, Mr. Morrissey has been a live-in full-time volunteer at the Des Moines Catholic Worker since July 2013.*

Hello, Im Bryan Morrissey, a six-foot six-inch bloke who originated in good old England . . . years gone by . . . Now I'm in America and looking for a place to settle in.

When I arrived at the Des Moines Catholic Worker back in July, I really did not have a clue about what I was getting into. I reached this city at the crack of dawn on a Sunday, and there at the bus station to meet me were two bouncing gals. I learnt later that they were Julie and Jess, and although I didn't know them at the time, I felt right at home.

After the five-minute car ride I discovered that I'm 12 years younger than the youngest member, who in turn, is young in comparison with the main body of Catholic Workers, but no worries. By that afternoon I'd jumped right into the work here and was immediately impressed by the hospitality of those already present.

After two weeks, both parties, the community members and me, thought it a good idea for me to stay longer.

Just a few short weeks later I landed an evening job at Chuck's Italian restaurant and started driving the food pick-up runs for the house. On Tuesdays I take the Ford E250 van that the Worker owns and set off on a lovely drive with a seasoned Catholic worker,



Al, to Whole Foods and then on to Trader Joe's, out in West Des Moines. Naturally we stop at these two stores and load into our van whatever they can give us.

The amount often varies, but so does the weather. Once we have safely beaten the traffic home we get right down to sorting the produce and putting it out on shelves in time for the giveaway at 3:00, to those who need it more: struggling families, homeless or who ever comes along.

On Fridays we do the same except that we don't pick-up at Whole Foods, but instead head out to Norwalk where Capital City Fruits rests. There we are loaded down with, yep you guessed it, fruits—meaning anything edible except greens, meat, or man-made

who knows what. This particular load is taken to a local Methodist church for a giveaway held every Saturday at ten.

Enough said, but I do find it very rewarding to be able to do this work without monetary involvement.

True, this world makes money seem irreplaceable and a necessity, but to me money is kind of cheap, no pun intended, Because it comes and goes, but the rewards for serving others out of love are everlasting and no one can take that from you.

Anyway I'm learning a lot about being a more caring and open person, mostly through mistakes, but also by living with and learning from this unsparingly motley crowd at the Des Moines Catholic Worker.

## No one's perfect but that's no reason to sin

*By Jimmy Lewis*

*First of all I start this off with a smile,  
or maybe a grin  
just because we're not perfect  
that's no reason to sin  
if you're hungry come to the  
Catholic Worker House  
knock, knock let me in  
there's things and food to serve,  
so your hands we need you to lend  
do you see how many people out there,  
and how many we invite to come in  
no matter what color you are  
God mixed us all in his own blend  
so just love one another,  
greet each other and shake each other's hands  
because inside the Catholic Worker House  
we're against violence, race and sin  
let the women be a lady,  
and the men be a gentlemen  
the Catholic House is open to all,  
so that everyone can come in  
we love to see everyone in the house  
we treat everyone with the same respect,  
but just please watch your mouth,  
do you hear what I'm saying  
and what I'm talking about  
come learn for yourself  
at the Catholic Worker House*





DEPORTED, continued from pg 1

Here is a little background...

One year ago, in February 2013, I spent one month in the Israel-occupied West Bank of Palestine. I worked in a peace team under the umbrella of the DMCW Rachel Corrie Project and Michigan (now Meta) Peace Team doing third-party nonviolent intervention work in the West Bank. During my stay our team was asked one morning by local Palestinians to accompany them as they planted trees on their property. The trees they had planted a few months prior had been burned down by Israeli soldiers, who claimed the land was a “closed military zone” even though UN maps proved clearly that the land belonged to the Palestinian Authority.

Our team accompanied a small group of Palestinian farmers, along with a handful of additional international peace activists, and as we began planting olive trees we were met by soldiers. At this point our entire team was detained in an illegal Israeli settlement holding facility and questioned by soldiers.

Once detained all individual rights were

suspended. I was given a full body search because I was a “bomb threat” and might have “bomb making materials on my body.” I was not given a chance to make a phone call or right to an attorney. After being escorted onto the plane by Israeli security from a separate entrance for all to see, after all other passengers were boarded, seated and belted in, my passport was passed on to be held in the cockpit until deboarding the plane at JFK.

My biggest disappointment is not being able to join DMCWers Julie Brown and Aaron Jorgensen who are in the middle of a war zone taking in tear gas, dodging rubber bullets and live ammunition. Please keep them in your thoughts and hearts, as well as the Palestinians, who are resisting the horrendous occupation conditions created by Israel. And the folks at ISM doing a great job with way too few people.

As for me, my future plans are uncertain at the moment. I am regrouping and refocusing my efforts toward other areas of international peace work.

**Jessica Reznicek**  
(It took Jess less than two weeks upon

return to the US before she was headed by bus to Guatemala and an immersion Spanish-speaking program. With Spanish speaking skills Jess’s human rights work opportunities greatly expand... mostly to the south and away from Iowa winters...)

After Jess’s deportation and Julie’s arrest, Rekha Basu, a columnist for the Des Moines Register wrote “Israel accuses Iowan over West Bank protests,” DM Reg. Feb 19, 2014. In it Jess and Julie are identified as working with the International Solidarity Movement, a nonviolent human rights organization working in Palestine. Basu’s article prompted a pro-Israel guest column by Des Moines Rabbi Leib Bolel and David Adelman in which they called the International Solidarity Movement a terrorist group and the Catholic Workers duped and misguided. DMCWers wrote a responding letter to the Register, which was published on March 6.

**You can’t ignore what Catholic Workers see**  
Regarding the column by Rabbi Leib Bolel and David Adelman (“‘Peace’ Group’s Claims Cloak Its Purpose,” Feb. 24) they make a blind claim that the International

Solidarity Movement is a terrorist front. Israel has a right to self-defense, just as the U.S. does. That’s why we have a military presence all over the world, with total dominance to kill at will because we are “special.” It’s called American exceptionalism, and Israel is our “special” ally in the Middle East.  
So when Des Moines Catholic Workers go to Palestine to stand in solidarity with the Palestinians who suffer greatly at the hands of Israel’s immoral, unjust and illegal occupation—running away from tear gas, dodging rubber bullets and live ammunition, and sharing in substandard living conditions that Palestinians live in day to day—Rabbi Bolel and Adelman are asking Iowans not to believe the eyes of our Catholic Workers but instead believe the lies of Israel that fit inside the larger lies of American exceptionalism.

—Des Moines Catholic Worker Community, Aaron Jorgensen-Briggs, Julie Brown, David A Goodner, Frank Cordaro, Ed Bloomer, Tommy Schmitz, Gil Landolt and Bill Petsche

EMAILS, continued from pg 1

Today the soldiers detained two CPTers [Christian Peacemaker Teams members] outside our door just after they had left our house. CPT said they think the soldiers are trying to mess with us. Everyone believes we are being targeted. Four people have been deported this past month all for doing NOTHING and all of them have been beaten while in custody. One woman was punched in the face while in handcuffs in the back of a police car. This is not like home at all so I feel ok that I’m scared at this point. I’m sure it will wear off but today I’m really shaken.

After sitting in a freezing police station for seven hours (sometimes with the air conditioning on to blow on the Palestinian detainees) and with no coat, I am sick today. I think it was a combo of nerves and conditions but my immune system crashed last night. My fever started at the station and continued until the early morning.

Today I’m staying in my pajamas, resting, and deciding how I can still be effective with my remaining time here.

P.S.  
Hebron is fucked! At least I did one good thing while in the police station... I talked the soldiers into letting me give a Snickers and a soda to a Palestinian having a REALLY hard time and waiting to be interrogated by the big scary Israeli guy. The Palestinian was grateful... sometimes it’s the small things that help.

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**From:** Aaron Jorgensen - Wed, Feb 12, 2014 at 10:57 AM

**Subject:** Re: Got busted!!!!

I’m doing just fine. Really... better than expected. Much that could happen here in this crazy place we live in has not happened. I’ll spare you the long list of my anxieties involving soldiers, settlers, tear gas, bullets and taxi drivers, but things have been “relatively” quiet. Even Julie’s arrest ended better than expected. She’s just a really lucky person, is my conclusion.

She’s a bit freaked out now, though, about staying in Hebron. Worried that she’ll be arrested again and then beaten up and deported. There are some bad cops in Hebron. So I think she’s planning on going to Nablus after the demo on Friday. I think I’ll stay here in Hebron, perhaps join her later. Although Julie is my wingman, and I’m a bit anxious about her leaving, I’m needed here. Our numbers are low--we’ll be just three with Julie gone, until we get some new trainees--which is totally unpredictable...

Not much else to report from here. Julie’s cutting up potatoes for dinner. The call to prayer is ringing round the city. It’s chilly in this apartment, and I badly need to do laundry. I am well.

In the International Solidarity Movement report I posted today from Hebron “Israeli forces protect settlers as they cut down Palestinian family’s trees” I didn’t use any names of any of the activists involved. Julie is the “fourth activist” mentioned in this paragraph:

“At this time, the Italian citizen returned to the apartment, where she was joined by a fourth activist, an American [DMCW Julie Brown], who had just arrived. Shortly thereafter, a group of soldiers and police officers attempted to enter the apartment.

They were not allowed entry, but briefly questioned the two activists outside the apartment door. The Israeli police then confiscated the passports belonging to the American and the Italian.”

I’ve never felt as unwanted as I do in this city. The settlers don’t like us, the soldiers don’t like us, the kids we’re trying to protect on school runs often harass us . . . today they were flicking lit matches at us. They’ve got a lot of anger in them, understandably.

Tomorrow I will try to bribe them with candy.

I’m still happy to be here, but it will be nice to come home where I am wanted.

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**From Julie’s Feb. 12 Facebook page**

Tomorrow I have to leave Hebron. Last night, while observing settlers cutting down Palestinian trees, I was arrested for “being rude” to an Israeli Police officer. He said “If you were nice to me, this would be easy, but you were not so you have to come with me for interrogation.”

When I got to the police station at a nearby settlement, the charges had been changed to assaulting a police officer and interfering with police actions.

They do whatever they want here. It’s just crazy!!

Well, thanks to an amazing lawyer, I was not deported and I got released after 7hrs. I now have to leave Hebron because if I end up in that police station again it will be “REALLY BAD for me” is what the scary ass Sergeant said... I believe him. I see the same police and soldiers every day... I think it’s time to leave.

I will miss everyone here dearly and am so sad to leave.  
I will still be in the West Bank for a few more weeks but this chapter of my journey has come to an end.

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**From Julie’s Feb. 16 facebook page**

I am now staying in Nablus. My fleeing from Hebron still hurts. I feel like I should be stronger and stand up to the Israeli fear tactics and threats that the Palestinian people have to endure every day but alas, I am an American and honestly know nothing about what it truly takes to live a life under occupation.

So I have relocated...  
Nablus is in the north of the West Bank. It’s just as screwed up here. Yesterday I used as a day of much needed rest while the rest of my team worked. They went to a small village and joined several Palestinians as they attempted to plant olive trees on their land. This is one way that the locals protest through nonviolence here.

When they got near the planting ground, they found that Israeli soldiers had blocked the way. They chanted and protested at the closure for about 30 minutes. As they were leaving, the soldiers opened fire on the crowd with tear gas and live ammunition.

Many people suffered from gas inhalation while one man was shot in the leg with a live bullet.

All I can think of is that our tax money bought those bullets and gas canisters. Something many Americans never really think about... We pay to shoot unarmed farmers. FACT.



VEHICLE NEEDED

Bill Petsche, “juggler par excellence” and Des Moines Catholic Worker, needs a reliable vehicle he can use to continue his “Food Salvage” Work of Mercy retrieving free food from stores and restaurants in the DM area and giving it to local shelters. Bill is good at this work—we know this because the DMCW has been a recipient of lots of food from Bill’s work over the years. A new old vehicle will greatly enhance Bill’s ability to get food to people who need it!

**Contact Bill Petsche at (515) 867-4117 or kelloggsin69@hotmail.com**



## Bishop Dingman Peace Awards

This year's Bishop Dingman Peace Awards Ceremony was a great success. Over 300 people gathered at Holy Trinity Church to hear our key-note speaker, Jeremy Scahill, an award-winning investigative journalist, and the author of the best-selling books "Blackwater: The Rise of the World's Most Powerful Mercenary Army" and "Dirty Wars: The World is a Battlefield." Scahill is also a producer, writer, and lead character of the film version of Dirty Wars, which won the Cinematography Award for a US Documentary at the 2013 Sundance Film Festival. As National Security Correspondent for The Nation, he has reported from Afghanistan, Iraq, Somalia, Yemen, the former Yugoslavia, and elsewhere across the globe.

All this we knew before the event. However, most of Jeremy's talk was a personal reflection on his life journey, his relationships with his dad and a series of mentors along the way, who helped him become an investigative journalist. Intertwined in this story are the likes of Dan and Phil Berrigan, Dorothy Day, Amy Goodman, members of the "Catholic Left," CCNV, Jonah House and the New York Catholic Worker community. Jeremy said it was unlike any talk he has given before. I look forward to listening to Jeremy's talk again as soon as we can get the video online and posted.

We could not have had two better recipients for the Dingman Peace Awards this year than Rita Hohenshell and the three Iowa Vets for Peace chapters.



Gil Landolt giving acceptance speech for the Dingman Award (LtoR) Joe Aossey, Pres. Cedar Rapids VFP; John Jadreyev, Pres. IA City VFP; Al Burney, DMCW & VFP; Gil Landolt, Pres. Des Moines VFP & DMCW; Bill Basinger, first member of VFP from Iowa; and Eugene Krauss, oldest IA VFP & WWII Vet.

## DMCW Community Update

By Frank Cordaro

*Its never been easy staying up-to-date on who exactly is in the live-in Des Moines Catholic Worker community. With an average turnover of five new people per year, in a community ranging in numbers between six to sixteen people, it's always fluid. So here is a list of who's with us at the moment . . .*

### Living at Dingman House:

David Goodner, 33: originally from Iowa City, David also works as a community organizer at Iowa Citizens for Community Improvement and splits the rest of his time between the DMCW and visiting his son Henry Wallace and his mother, former DMCW member Megan Felt, in Wisconsin.

Tommy Schmitz, 59, is a former DMCW member who moved back into the community and is now the voice of the DMCW, at least the voice folks will hear if they call the Dingman House. Tommy is our point guy for the Dingman phone messages. He is also an associate member of the Des Moines

Veterans for Peace chapter.

Bryon Morrissey, 19, is the delightful young man you can read about on page 2. What stands out about Bryon is his good strong back. He is always moving "stuff" in and out of our houses, our community beast of burden.

\* Chuck Isenhardt is our annual winter boarder/hibernator from Dubuque. Charles is a State Rep. from Dubuque who lives with us when the Iowa legislature is in session. He says we help keep him focused for the work he does on the hill.

### Rachel Corrie House:

Norman Searah, 63, is our Des Moines Catholic Worker emeritus. A virtual shut-in this winter, now that the snow and ice is gone, it's a joy to see Norman up and out of his house, back at Dingman helping out.

Ed Bloomer, 67, the BEST Catholic Worker . . . everybody knows it. Ed is also a member of Veterans for Peace.

Gill Landlot, 60, our community go-to guy with maintenance, keeper of the petty

cash and our fearless Des Moines Vets for Peace commandant.

Al Burney, 64 yrs, shares food pick up responsibilities with Bryon and is our point person for the Saturday morning food give away. Al is also a member of Des Moines Veterans for Peace.

Bill Petsche, 53, is a former Des Moines Catholic Worker who has moved back into the community. Bill brings a lot of good positive energy into our mix, he is learning to cook and wants to develop better local food recovery efforts in Des Moines. See ad for Vehicle Needed on p. 3.

### Liuzzo House (to be renamed):

Julie Brown, 36 yrs, and Aaron Jorgensen-Briggs, 38 yrs, are just back from two months of intense peacekeeping efforts in the West Bank in Palestine. Julie is our resident artist and expert in gravy-making. Aaron is our webpage person and go-to computer geek.

### Berrigan House:

Rev. Bob Cook, 71, and Frank's best friend of 38 years is 6 weeks into the Great March for Climate Action. It started in Los Angeles on March 1 and is ending in Washington DC in November. Its a miracle Bob is on this march at all, a story to be told and retold with many more similar stories to report when Bob returns in November. In the meantime, we have an added guest room at Berrigan House until Bob returns.

Frank Cordaro, 63, is co-founder of the place and living his dream in a "fully engaged classic Catholic Worker community." The best word I have to describe what I bring to the DMCW is that I am an organizer. My Father was a coach, I wanted to be a coach. I am a Catholic Worker; a coach and an organizer are very similar.

\* Jessica Reznicek: recent former Des Moines Catholic Worker, pilgrim spirit, international human rights worker, not welcomed in Israel, Frank's partner & girlfriend and periodic visitor to Des Moines and guest at Berrigan House



## Letter from Craig and Cindy Corrie

*This January, the Des Moines Catholic Worker Rachel Corrie House was blessed by a visit from Rachel Corrie's parents, Craig and Cindy, who were in town to see "My Name is Rachel Corrie," a play based on Rachel's diaries and letters. Recently, they sent us the following letter, along with a large, framed photograph of Rachel.*

Dear Friends at the Rachel Corrie House,

Please find a place for this picture in your home. as you have found a place for Rachel in your hearts. I am sure our daughter would feel honored but perhaps a bit astonished, at having this Catholic Worker named for her. But mostly, she would respect the work you accomplish from this house and want to join in. I think, somehow, she does join in.

A bit about the photo: It was taken by Rachel's friend Denny Sternstein at one of the Burning Men encampments held late every Summer in Black Rock Desert, Nevada. Denny tells us Rachel did not want her picture taken, and would make funny faces when he tried taking her photo. Finally, engrossed in her journal, she forgot Denny was there and he got this picture as she looked up in search of a word.

In peace and for justice,  
Craig and Cindy Corrie



# Norman's Whereabouts

By Norman Searah

Hello there! I've been inside all winter cleaning up what is now Rachel Corrie house.

Before this unforgettable winter Craig and Cindy Corrie, Rachel's parents, who once lived in Des Moines, I guess they were visiting Frank. Sat down at the table in the dining room with most everyone that lived in the Rachel Corrie house and talked. I told them about another young girl besides Rachel who lost her life a long time ago when I was back in New England. Her name was Samantha Smith of Maine, who I remember was younger than Rachel, she wrote a letter to the president of Russia at that early time. I guess she and whoever was with her was invited to meet the president of Russia. I forget whether it was before the visit or after, she died in a plane crash in Russia. A young girl named Frankie, Renee's daughter who lived in the community, who often made the newspaper, spoke out in protest, but that was a short time.

Im sorry for California with that long drought and that hot weather and fires. California grows a third of our food, when the market crashed in 1929 and the dust bowl days of the 1930s, one of the places that people went to for a new life was California. Along with food prices going up, along with other things, places that never had winter and had a taste of winter, should be thinking and buying things for next year's winter, if it happens. But back to California, when it was winter I wrote to the governor of Iowa with two ideas. One was to talk to other governors. The other idea was to melt this free snow into water, put it in tank trucks then put it in tank rail cars and ship it to California. Put it back in tank trucks to spray on fields and maybe dried-up lakes. I never ever got a reply back. I believe whatever nature can't do we can do or try, if we are a united country we should be care for each other, but we are divided like our government. Some of us don't know our neighbors even down the end of our block and more.

Our brothers and sisters that grow our food that we all eat. What happen if it's us? I'm lost as an old man.

I went to the rally we had over drones. It was interesting. Besides Catholic Workers there, other people young and old and Veterans for Peace. All sorts of signs, someone drumming on a drum a large size model drone, I held onto a stick that held a peace sign in memory of Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger who died in January, John Lennon and an American Indian named Iron Eye Coby and memory of a 63 year old woman that froze to death in a house trailer in North Dakota. I got to speak and it was nice to see the young and the old together.

I'm sorry for the victims of war who didn't want war, didn't have a voice no matter their age and died. I believe that deep



Photo by Al Viola

down inside soldiers don't want war and don't want to die. I'm sorry for the children of war with their parents dead and gone. I'm sorry for the Ukraine, I recall sitting outside across the street of St. George Ukraine Catholic Church when I visited the Catholic Worker in New York City. I miss it, Im think of visiting it again soon maybe.

I'm sorry about 9/11, the people on those flights that were innocent and the people on the ground and the people who came to help them. Sometime after at Madison Square Garden in New York City had a concert I guess it was called "Come Together;" a night for John Lennon's words and music dedicated to New York City.

I hate war uncall death and more, we had enough of war, even our worldwide environment is looking, feel like war, to me it is war.

I believe that the Malaysian flight may not be in the bottom of a ocean and I hope I am wrong about this, it might be in Pakistan somewhere to be a bomb like those of 9/11 a poor man bomb with teacher who themselves are pilots and co-pilot because in a way we're all teachers. So I'm sorry to feel this way. I'm sorry for the people on the flight. I hate death.

Sometime when my feet better I carved peace with a peace sign to it ordering a dream catcher to go along with it. Together they're a message to it that says we all have dreams, good ones and bad ones but we all dream of peace and love to all even if we're strangers. I'm hoping to go to the United Nations to give them to the Secretary General as a gift from me and maybe

others who love peace and miss it and can't recall when the worldwide had it. I'm also going for their latest report on the world's environment, maybe it deal with it now, I believe the weather now is worser than the years before and the spring, summer and fall might have some surprises. I'm not smart I'm only sharing what I know and feel.

I'm strange when I wish that God who we believe created the earth and other planets and the devil who are in heaven and hell. I believe it been a long time they walked on earth as people in bible times and talked to people. When I use to run away at times I imagined that God and the devil way walk with me as two old grandparents that were grumpy too. I wish they came to earth and live it, see it, hear it with all of it change, its good sides and is bad sides and talk to us in our own languages as grandparents talking to their children. No matter I believe we are old we are and we need them now.

I would like to know what it's like in other catholic worker places so could you write to me tell me are you have drought forest fires started by the heat and other things.

My address is:  
Norman Searah  
1317 8th street  
Des Moines, Iowa 50314

I thank you for your time, May peace and love be with you!  
Norman Searah

## STRATCOM Dec. 28 Report: Noble and pathetic, a personal reflection

By Frank Cordaro

There is an old Hasidic Jewish story about a prophet who used to come into the great city of Nineveh on a weekly basis. At first he drew great crowds; all of the city, rich and poor, wanted to hear what he had to say. But as the weeks turned into months, fewer and fewer people came out to listen to what the prophet had to say. As the months turned into years, no one paid any attention at all to what the prophet had to say. And as years turned into a lifetime the once strong and powerful prophet became a broken and feeble old man. And the only people who paid any attention to him when he came into the city were the children, who saw him as just one more crazy person in the city square to make fun of and throw rocks at.

One week a child came up to the prophet and asked "Old man, why do you keep coming into the city? No one is listening or cares about what you have to say."

And the old prophet said, "I use to come in hopes to change the city. I now come in hopes the city don't change me."

I use to tell this story in my younger days as a sign of my commitment to protesting at SAC Headquarters (now STRATCOM) at Offutt Air Force Base no matter how long. Thirty-five years later, returning to Offutt every Christmas with the same message "Herod Killed the Infants. STRATCOM Would Kill the World. Celebrate Christmas, Shut Down STRATCOM" this old story rings truer than ever.

In the 1980s, we use to have 60 to 70, a hundred people join us every Dec 28th in Omaha for a retreat and witness at the base. We also used to have lots more folks join us at Offutt for our yearly Aug 6-9 observances.



(LtoR) Frank Cordaro, Cassandra Dixon - Oxford, WI Catholic Worker, Fr. Jack MiCaslin, Fr. Jim Bloomer

We used to have other demos regularly at the base, reaching our height in numbers and arrest by the late 1980s. Over the years thousand have demonstrated with us, hundreds have "crossed the line" and done civil disobedience and literally years of jail time have been served by protesters for their efforts.

That was then. Now is now. These days when we return to Offutt in December and August, our numbers are pathetically low. We celebrate whenever we top the double digit mark at the line. (We did not do that

this year...) Most of us are old. And the truth in the story of the old prophet has come full circle for me.

I really do have hopes that the human family will eliminate nuclear weapons and war from the face of the earth. I really do want to dismantle the US Empire and Global Corporatism. And after protesting at Offutt over a five-decade span, I really know the real struggle is inside me, resisting the spirit of war and Empire from the inside out.

This may well be the best this old white

guy from Des Moines Iowa can do, to be both noble and pathetic at the same time...

Thank Yous to Catholic Workers Denny Davis and Cassandra Dixon and Fr. Jim Murphy for joining Ed Bloomer and me at the line on December 27. And to Mark Kenney and Mark Walsh for joining us on December 28. This year there were more Offutt Security personnel at the line than there were protesters.

The high point of the gathering came when Fr. Jim, Cassandra, Denny, Ed and I visited Fr. Jack McCaslin at his assisted living apartment.





The spirit of nonviolence in Al Masera, Palestine.



Clowning around in Al Masera, Palestine.



Aaron Jorgensen-Briggs gets dizzy in Dura, Palestine.



Sweet tooth at demonstration in Al Masera, Palestine.





Michele Naar-Obed - Duluth, MN CW, photo by Al Viola



Jim Haber, former San Francisco, CA CW, photo by Al Viola



Elliott Adams, former National President of Veterans for Peace, photo by Al Viola



Kathy Kelly - Voices for Creative Nonviolence and Carolyn Griffeth - St. Louis CW, photo by Al Viola



Ellen Grady - Ithaca, NY CW and Susan Crane - Redwood City, CA CW



# Palestine from Above

By Julie Brown

It is surprising the things a person can get used to. On my second trip to Palestine, it wasn't the guns, bullets, grenades, or huge walls closing people into their prison that I found unnerving. It was the human interactions of the people within this system of oppression that, even now, causes me so many sleepless nights.

To tell you this story I have to give you some background on the city of Hebron. Hebron is the largest city in the West Bank. The city is split into two areas: H1 is under Palestinian control and H2 is under control of the Israelis. Israeli-controlled H2 is divided from the rest of Hebron by a series of checkpoints, fences and walls. Also, within the area of H2 there are still more checkpoints, watchtowers, military bases, and guard boxes all filled with heavily armed soldiers.

All this is to guard the 500 Israeli settlers that have moved in. They have occupied Palestinian homes and lands and live beside 30,000 Palestinians within the neighborhoods of H2.

We lived within the area of Israeli-controlled H2, in a neighborhood called Tel Rumeida. It is located on a steep hilltop and consists of a large Palestinian population and several buildings confiscated by a small number of radical Israeli Zionist settlers. This neighborhood overlooks the closed Palestinian marketplace on Shuhada Street.

To get to our Apartment from the main area of Hebron under Palestinian control you must first enter through checkpoint 56. The checkpoint looks like a metal trailer house blocking the road. Outside it is full of dents and littered with stones that have been thrown at its walls by neighboring Palestinian youth. Along with stones there are spent tear gas canister parts and old bullet casings, all remnants from recent clashes with the Israeli Occupation Forces. Inside is a small room with a metal detector and several soldiers blocking the exit. Palestinians living within H2 must empty their pockets and open their bags for search; however, internationals were allowed to pass through by just showing a passport.

Once through the barricades, on the other side you are under the control of the Israeli Occupation Forces. In front of you is a deserted street filled with shops that have doors welded shut for as far as the eye can see. This is Shuhada Street. It was once a main marketplace for the Palestinians in Hebron but was closed by the Israeli Military for "security reasons." On February 25, 1994 Baruch Goldstein, an Israeli physician and settler opened fire at the Ibrahimi Mosque, killing 29 and wounding 125 Palestinians before being overcome by citizens within the mosque. Standing orders for Israeli soldiers on duty disallowed them from firing on fellow Jews, even if they were shooting Arabs. After the massacre, the Israeli military closed the markets and banned Palestinian cars on Shuhada Street. Now all Palestinian foot traffic is also banned and it is referred to as Ghost Town.

To the right of checkpoint 56 is a street leading up a very steep hill. It is lined with barricades painted with Zionist graffiti where there is an occasional break in the wall to allow for entry to a few Palestinian homes. At the top of the hill is a T intersection and another guard box. There is a soldier stationed at this box day and night whose primary job is to make sure that no Palestinian passes heading toward the settlement buildings unless he/she lives there. To the left are the settlement buildings and a military base, to the right are Palestinian houses, and right in the middle overlooking the guard box and whole neighborhood is our home.

Our home is typical for Tel Rumeida. It was an apartment over a closed shop. The apartment was made of stone and in January it was always cold and damp. Like most Palestinian homes, it had roof access and I would spend a lot of time on the roof where it was warm and I could enjoy the view and a cigarette. Tel Rumeida is one of the highest places in Hebron and from our rooftop we could see the whole city, H1 and H2. I still remember the stark contrast between the heavily militarized street below and the lively city beyond the wall just two blocks away. The way I can describe living in Tel Rumeida is that it's like living in a madhouse. Just imagine putting the most radical Zionists in the West Bank and a base full of Israeli soldiers to guard them in a small box filled with Palestinians and shaking it up. You were always uneasy and could feel oppression like a haze covering everything around you. All the settlers and soldiers had huge automatic weapons and it wasn't unusual to see a group of men jogging in T shirts, shorts and a M16s or a settler pushing a stroller with a baby inside and a gun slung over the handle.

One evening I was on our roof looking down at the street below. Like many evenings the street was filled with Palestinian children. The Israelis did not allow Palestinians to have cars so except for the occasional military jeep or settler vehicle, the street was always deserted. This, along with the closing of the local park to Palestinians, made the street a good place for nightly soccer games.

On this night a particularly nasty soldier was stationed at the box below. As I watched the children play I saw a small boy kick the soccer ball to his friends. Several children ran to kick it back but missed and the ball bounced off a curb, rolled near the soldier and stopped at his feet. In one swift motion the Israeli soldier picked it up, threw it into the guard box, and then closed the door locking it inside.

A young Palestinian boy about seven years of age asked for the ball back but the soldier just laughed at him. Other children came and pleaded with him as he smirked and laughed. After about ten minutes, he must have decided that



he was bored of this because the soldier just turned his back to the children. End of discussion. He had won. All the sounds of happy children died out and the street was silent. It was heartbreaking to watch. The children just stood there looking up at the soldier for what seemed like forever. Slowly, one by one they started to quietly walk away in defeat.

This grown man in full military gear with a huge automatic weapon slung on his shoulder just took the one thing these children had as a way to escape the occupation. It was out of pure cruelty and he was reveling in it. He knew what the Palestinian children knew . . . that they were powerless.

That was when my housemate noticed that we had a ball on our roof. We threw it down to the children as they were leaving. They all cheered and waved up at us. I looked over and the soldier's face was FURIOUS! He pointed up at us in a way that read "Just wait, I'm going to get you for that."

Another night we noticed that the soldiers below had stopped two Palestinian males. I could never find a rhyme or reason for who they stopped. Some soldiers would not stop anyone all day while others would stop and harass every Palestinian male that walked by. Then there were the ones that seemed to stop people out of boredom. It obviously had nothing to do with security because every Palestinian had to pass through checkpoint 56 on the same street just a block away. Once a Palestinian has given his ID card to a soldier it could take anywhere from fifteen minutes to half an hour to get it radioed in and cleared. This meant that if you were unlucky enough to be stopped at both "56" and "The Box" it could take you an hour to travel the last two blocks leading to your home in Tel Rumeida.

This evening I could see that the two men stopped were just returning from work. They were both covered in plaster and whitewash and one was carrying a sack of potatoes from the market. They were obviously just a couple construction workers heading home after a long day of work with groceries for dinner.

The soldiers ordered them to stop and produce their ID cards and then they were made to sit on the ground. At this point I went with a team member to the street below as we normally do when someone is stopped.

As they sat down one of the Palestinian men took out his cell phone and made a call. I can only imagine he was calling home to say that he would be late. Just then one of the soldiers approached and hit the Palestinian in the face trying to knock the phone out of his hand. The guy was really upset but kept his cool and put his phone away without a word. I guess he was used to this kind of thing and knew there was nothing he could do about the soldier's assault. I, however, was fuming! I went up to the soldier and asked repeatedly "Why did you just hit that man?" "Why did you hit that man?!" but he just pretended to not speak English and ignored me.

Then the same soldier reached down and picked up the man's sack of groceries and launched it about ten feet away into the guard box's wall breaking the bag open and scattering potatoes all over the floor of The Box. This must have been the last straw. The Palestinian stood up and stormed toward The Box. I thought he was going to punch the soldier but instead he just reached down to collect his bag of potatoes. Two soldiers swarmed him, pushing him across the street and slammed him against a wall of a nearby building. They then forced him to sit on the street again.

About an hour passed as the two men sat in the road. All the neighbors came out of their homes and many more soldiers arrived. I tried talking to the soldiers to see why these men who were clearly just walking home from work were being treated this way. The soldiers just turned their backs to me. All I could do was offer the men a cigarette and stand with them.

In the end, after a ruined evening, ruined groceries, and public humiliation, their cards came back clean and the two men were simply given back their IDs and told to leave.

My whole time in Hebron I saw dozens and dozens of men stopped, have their ID cards taken and be frisked by the Israeli military for just walking down the street. All except one were in the end found to have empty pockets and a clean ID. The exception was a teenager carrying a small pocket knife, like many men in the USA carry, and he was taken in for interrogation.

My final evening I spent in our Hebron apartment was the night before the annual Open Shuhada Street demonstration. This is the largest demonstration planned all year. It takes place just outside of checkpoint 56 and is held on the anniversary of the massacre at the Ibrahimi Mosque. The night before the demo I was relaxing on the roof and trying to enjoy the view of the great city. I knew that this would be the last time that I saw this and was trying to memorize the sights and smells of Hebron that I had grown to love. I could hear a group of children playing in the street below so I moved my chair to the edge of the rooftop so I could lean over and watch. These children were my favorite thing in Hebron. I had volunteered at the community center next door several times to teach art classes to the neighborhood kids and just fell in love. I knew many of them by name and they all knew me. We didn't speak the same language but it didn't matter. When they saw me on the street they would shout my name and all run to get a hug or hold my hand. I sat on the roof watching these kids laugh and play for the last time.

All of a sudden an Israeli settler in his mid-teens came down the road from the settlements carrying a large Israeli flag. When he reached the intersection near the box where the children were playing he started running through the group waving this huge flag singing. He was clearly mocking them and knew he could do whatever he wanted because an Israeli soldier was stationed just a few feet away.

I felt such anger in my own heart as he weaved back and forth and around all the Palestinian children. The soldier watched with a smirk on his face. His job is to protect the settlers no matter what they are doing to the Palestinians. I could tell the occupation had trained these children well. The Palestinians would never think of saying a word to this settler no matter what a brat he was being or how he tried to provoke them. I can't imagine what they were feeling inside. The children kept moving further up the road and the settler continued to follow and run around them while chanting. Finally he must have gotten tired because he just stopped and walked over to the soldier and started to chat while going through a stack of flags he had with him. That's what the settler teen was still doing as went out of the house for dinner.

Later that evening we found that several huge Israeli flags had been hung in our neighborhood. Two above The Box, two in front of the entrance to our Palestinian neighbors' homes and one right in front of our house. Everyone looking up to Tel Rumeida the next day from the demonstration in H1 would know it was occupied.

So, these are the stories that stick out when I think about my latest visit to Palestine. They may not have such a wow factor as stories about me being arrested by the Israeli Occupation Forces, walking school children through tear gas, or seeing someone shot, but for some reason they really hurt me in a heart space. As I look back, I think that the children who had their ball taken, the man with the broken sack of potatoes and the children in the last story had one thing in common. They all had looks of true sadness. The oppression in Palestine hangs in the air and covers everything like a fog. I was used to seeing waving children holding up peace signs and the strong freedom fighters at the Friday demonstrations. I had done interviews with people telling their story for the 100th time. I had never followed someone home to see what a random Tuesday afternoon was like. Watching people try to go about their lives from above gave me a greater insight than I could ever imagine.



# Save the Date!

Wednesday Oct 15, 2014

Dr. Vandana Shiva – Keynote speaker, Occupy the World Food Prize

Time & Site to be announced

Go to Youtube “Seeds Of Love” (11 min) to hear Dr. Vandana’s message

**For more info contact:**

Frank Cordaro

frank.cordaro@gmail.com (515) 282-4781

<http://occupytheworldfoodprize.com>

*“Whenever we  
engage in consumption  
or production patterns  
which take more than  
we need, we are  
engaging in violence.”*

**Dr. Vandana Shiva**



*“I think the American people should see that the corporations abandoned them long ago...that people will have to build their own economies and rebuild democracy as a living democracy. The corporations belong to no land, no country, no people. They have no loyalty to anything apart from... their profits. And the profits today are on an unimaginable scale; it has become illegitimate, criminal profit –profits extracted at the cost of life.”*





Group photo Monday morning before witness, front steps of Dingman House. Front Row (LtoR) Frank Cordaro, Steve Clemens, Ed Bloomer, Barb Kass, Mike Sprong, Susan Crane, Michele Naar-Obed, Elliott Adams and Julie Brown. Middle Row (LtoR) Mike Miles, Ellen Grady, Steve Jacobs, Tom Johnson, Ben Clarke and Ruth Cole. Back Row (LtoR) Gill Landolt, Frank Bergh, Al Burney, Roger Routh, Eric Anglada, Kaylynn Lee Strain, Jim Haber, Charisse Yenke and Eric Jacomet

# 2014 Midwest Catholic Worker Faith and Resistance Retreat Report

By Frank Cordaro

This year's Midwest Catholic Worker Faith and Resistance Retreat was sparsely attended by recent years' past counts. And as one of the organizers, I could not help feeling some disappointment. But once I put that feeling aside, I was able to appreciate a very special weekend that is best described in one word: sweet. With no more than 35 people attending the retreat, our small numbers allow the scheduled events and programs to be experienced in a very personal and intimate circle which enhanced each experience.

The first thing that enriched the gathering was our great presenters:

Kathy Kelly, of Voices for Creative Nonviolence, former Catholic Worker from Chicago, friend of the victims of US lead wars of the Middle East: Kathy shared her firsthand stories of Iraqis, Afghans, and Pakistanis, her friends, suffering greatly from our US drone attacks. We also heard from Kathy's co-worker at Voices, Buddy Bell, who shared with us his recent human rights visit to Honduras.

Elliott Adams, former Veterans for Peace president and anti-drone activists, just out of jail for a Drone protest at Hancock AFB Drone Command Site shared his hopes of creating a movement of itinerant anti-drone protesters going around the country collecting "ban and bar" letters from different drone command sites. Elliot is living testimony that veterans make the best peace activists.

Daniel Hale was in the US armed forces in Afghanistan and was a specialist involved in armed drone strikes. Daniel told us what

it was like for him on a typical day of work at the Joint Special Operations Command in Bagram. It was an eye opener for all of us on what it is like being on the inside of our US drone warfare delivery systems and on how drone warfare is conducted.

Susan Crane came to us from the Redwood CA Catholic Worker. She is a Plowshares activist who's done 4 Plowshares witnesses and over six years in prison. In her talk "Doing Resistance for the Long Haul" she said keeping hope alive is the most essential element for doing long haul resistance. Susan shared that she found her greatest source of hope in the women she met in prisons, inmates and guards alike. Susan reminded me that peacemaking is more than a one demo, one campaign effort, but a lifetime of risk taking and community building, and it doesn't stop when you're locked up.

Ellen Grady, from the Ithaca NY Catholic Worker, has been involved with a 4 1/2 year anti-drone campaign at the Hancock Air Force Base drone command site. She's been arrested four times, served two 15-day sentences, and was one of five people found not guilty in an anti-drone trial last October. Ellen shared how their efforts to resist the drone command site at Hancock Air Force Base was a great help as we in Iowa grapple with starting our own anti-drone campaign.

Jim Haber, former San Francisco Catholic Worker, has spent the last 5 years as Director of the Nevada Desert Experience and shared with us efforts of Catholic Workers in the west to resist drone warfare at the Creech Air Force Base in Las Vegas, NV and Beale

Air Force Base near Sacramento. Jim also brought with him and showed the film "Al Helm: Martin Luther King in Palestine" (<http://mondoweiss.net/2013/12/martin-luther-palestine.html>) which gave Julie Brown an opportunity to share her most recent experience in the West Bank. The weekend just flowed like that...

From a resistance point of view, those gathered collectively served more years of jail time than the number of attendees. Of course, having Father Carl Kabat as our Saturday Mass celebrant, adding Carl's 17-plus years of prison time, increased the collective years served by our little group... still, over 35 years! This seasoned resistance crowd made the nonviolence training session lead by Eric and Brenna Anglada-Cusens from the New Hope Catholic Worker Farm easy. Brenna said the session practically lead itself.

Often the memorable moments happened at unplanned times, like Sunday night at the Phil Berrigan Catholic Worker House on the first floor in the Peace and Justice Library. We were well into the night and I was pushing myself to stay up to midnight, the time Kathy Kelly and Buddy Bell were to catch a Megabus back to Chicago. The first thing I noticed about those gathered that night at Berrigan House was that half of them were alumni of the Jonah House Community. Mike Miles, Barb Cass, Ellen Grady, Michele Naar-Obed and Susan Crane are all alumni of the Jonah House community in Baltimore, the community Phil Berrigan,

**This statement was included in the press release for Monday's witness and read at the event.**

We come to the Des Moines Air National Guard base as members of faith-based and Catholic Worker communities who annually join for a week of nonviolent resistance to war and injustice. This week, we aim to raise a call against the use of remotely piloted aircraft (RPA) commonly known as drones. We recognize that the slaughter of war always requires war makers to dehumanize the victims. Reliance on drones exacerbates the dehumanization because the technology allows war makers to kill a target without identifying clearly who the person is or what the person has done or is doing. Therefore we bring to this base the faces of several who have been killed as well as the desire of a young Afghan friend who says, "We want to live without war."

see RETREAT on pg 3



RETREAT, continued from pg 10

our house's namesake, co-founded. Some of them had not seen each other for years. Then add to the mix Jim Haber, Steve Jacobs, Crissy Kirchhoefer, Julie Brown, Kathy Kelly, Buddy Bell, Elliott Adams and myself. It was a night to remember.

Perhaps the most important thing discussed and the most ironic during the whole weekend was not made public! That is the discussion on the use of toy drones by peace people protesting at US drone sites. This issue was brought into the action planning circle by Steve Jacobs who proposed that the group allow him to fly a toy drone that he and others would buy onto the National Guard base as part of our demonstration. Steve had lined up financial backing of \$300 to buy a toy drone at one of the local chain stores. A good deal of the planning action time was spent discussing this. In the end

the proposal was set aside. The irony in this is that, of all the peace groups in the US working on anti-drone campaigns, the Catholic Workers with our Luddite instincts one would think would be the least likely to be pushing for toy drone use at peace demonstrations.

Our Catholic Worker Luddite instincts were surely at play when Steve assembled his toy drone on the first floor of Berrigan House for an inside-the-house test flight late Sunday night. Any fears I might had about a "toy drone" quickly disappear when I saw the fragile little thing that Steve had assembled in our Peace and Justice Center. You had to have a smartphone to fly this toy drone. Though there were several people with smart phones in the room, only Ellen Grady was smart enough to know how to use her phone to download the app that allows a person to fly the toy drone. And since the joystick to the drone was now her phone, once the app was

downloaded Ellen claimed first rights to fly the thing.

That's when the high-tech fun began. As soon as the toy drone lifted off the table the whole house went up into a loud roar. In spurts and fits the toy drone went up and down, left and right bumping into the bookshelves, the four walls, furniture and light fixtures, terrorizing the peace and justice books and displayed Catholic Worker newsletters until the toy drone took one too many slams into the ceiling and came down hard and broke. Steve never did get a chance to fly the thing. And as loud as the crowds laughter and screams got, one person's distinct and unforgettable laugh was heard above all others and that laugh was Ellen Grady's. It's the same laugh she had 25 years ago when I first met her. All who know her, know it well. It is a laugh that when fully engaged incorporates the sound of an animal. The laugh has not changed in 25 years.



Des Moines St. Pat's Seven. Just released from DM Police custody, cited for trespass and released: (LtoR) Rev. Chet Guinn, Julie Brown, Ruth Cole, Elliott Adams, Steve Clemens, Michele Naar-Obed and Ed Bloomer. Photo by Jim Haber.

*Indictment delivered March 17, 2014 to Iowa Air National Guard, home for planned drone command site, by the seven people arrested at the gate.*

To Commander Col. Drew DeHaes and service members of the Iowa Air National Guard:

Each one of you, when you joined the United States Armed Forces or police, publicly promised to uphold the United States Constitution. We take this opportunity to call your attention to Article VI of the Constitution, which states:

“This Constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in Pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under Authority of the United States, shall be the supreme Law of the Land; (and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any Thing in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the Contrary notwithstanding).”

This clause is known as the supremacy clause, for it actually creates the United States as a legal entity... One Treaty duly ratified by the US is the United Nations Charter... As such, it is the supreme law of the land. The Preamble of the United Nations Charter states that its purpose is to “save future generations from the scourge of war” and it further states that “all nations shall refrain from the use of force against another nation”...

Today, we ask you to consider ... (Under the Uniform Code of Military Justice of the US, you are required to disobey any clearly unlawful order from a superior.)

We charge that the Iowa Air National Guard of the United States of America, in Des Moines, Iowa, home of the 132nd Fighter Wing under command of Col. Drew DeHaes will soon be maintaining and deploying the MQ-9 Reaper robotic aircraft.

These drones will be used both in and out of combat.

Extrajudicial targeted killing such as the U.S. carries out by unmanned aircraft drones are intentional, premeditated, and deliberate use of lethal force in violation of U.S. and international human rights law.

It is a matter of public record that the US has used drones for targeted killings in Afghanistan, Iraq, Yemen and Pakistan with no legal basis for defining the scope of area where drones can and cannot be used, no rigorous criteria for deciding which people are targeted for killing, no procedural safeguards

## The Des Moines St. Patrick's Seven

**Reverend Chet Guinn**, 85 years old, a Methodist minister from Des Moines.

**Julie Brown**, 36 years old, Des Moines Catholic Worker.

**Ed Bloomer**, 67 years old, a Des Moines Catholic Worker and Veteran for Peace member from Des Moines.

**Ruth Cole**, 26-year-old Catholic Worker from the Rye House, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

**Steve Clemens**, 63 years old, Community of St Martin & Veterans for Peace in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

**Michele Naar-Obed**, 57 years old, Hildegard Catholic Worker House in Duluth, Minnesota.

**Elliott Adams**, 67 years old and the former National Veterans for Peace President, Sharon Spring, New York.

All seven have pleaded not guilty and asked for jury trials. Trial has been set for June 23. For updates on case contact Frank at the Berrigan House or any one of the defendants.

to ensure the legality and accuracy of the killings and no mechanisms of accountability.

In support of this indictment we cite the United nations Special Rapporteur on extrajudicial, summary or arbitrary executions, who has said that the use of drones creates “a highly problematic blurring and expansion of the boundaries of the applicable legal frameworks - human rights law, the laws of war and the law applicable to the use of inter-state force ... The result has been the displacement of clear legal standards with a vaguely defined license to kill, and the creation of a major

accountability vacuum ... In terms of the legal framework, many of these practices violate straightforward applicable legal rules.” See United Nations General Assembly Human Rights Council Study on Targeted Killings, 28 May 2010.

Drone attacks either originating at the Iowa Air National Guard or supported here are a deliberate illegal use of force against another nation, and as such are a felonious violation of Article VI of the US Constitution.

By giving material support to the drone program, you as individuals are violating the Constitution, dishonoring your oath and committing war crimes.

We charge the chain of command, from President Barack Obama, to Secretary of Defense Chuck Hagel to base commander Col. Drew DeHaes to every drone crew, to every service member supporting or defending these illegal actions with preparing to carry out the following crimes: extrajudicial killings, violation of due process, wars of aggression, violation of national sovereignty, and the killing of innocent civilians.

We demand that they stop these crimes and be accountable to the people of the United States and Afghanistan, Pakistan, Yemen and Somalia.

We appeal to all United States citizens, military and civilian, and to all public officials, to do as required by the Nuremburg Principles I - VII and by conscience to refuse to participate in these crimes, to denounce them and resist them non-violently.

As citizens of this nation which maintains over 700 military bases around the globe and the largest most deadly military arsenal in the world, we believe these words of Martin Luther King Jr. still hold true, “the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today is my own government.” There is hope for a better world when WE THE PEOPLE holds our government accountable to the laws and treaties that govern the use of force and war. To the extent that we ignore our laws and constitution and allow for the unchecked use of lethal force by our government, we make the world less safe for children everywhere.

Let all accused in this indictment understand that our words are spoken nonviolently. All are invited to stop the use of drones and refuse to participate in illegal warfare.



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*The voice of the Des Moines Catholic Worker community*

APRIL 2014

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VOLUME 38, NO. 1

## HOW YOU CAN HELP

Prayers . . . without them, nothing happens.

### VOLUNTEERS:

Individuals and work crews for hospitality (serving food, cleanup), cleaning and general inside and outside maintenance . . . without them, we burn out.

### FOOD:

Fruit, Vegetables, Meat and Fish, Milk, Cheese, Salted Butter, Olive Oil, Sugar, Coffee, Creamer, Juice (sugar free), Salt, Black Pepper, Fresh Garlic, Salad dressing, Soups and Stews (both canned and fresh). Leftovers from weddings, funerals and other social gatherings . . .

### HEALTH AND HYGIENE:

Feminine Hygiene Items, Diapers, Baby Formula, Tylenol, Ibuprofen, Multivita-

mins, Antibiotic Ointment, Band-Aids, Lip balm

### TOILETRIES:

Disposable Razors, Shaving Cream, Shampoo, Conditioner, Lotion, Deodorant, Soap, Toothpaste. (Small sizes preferred for handout. . .) Toothbrushes and Toilet Paper.

### NEEDED CLOTHING:

Underwear, Socks, T-shirts, Sweatshirts, Hoodies, Coats, Work Pants. (All Sizes—especially big . . .) Sleeping Bags, Blankets

### HOUSEHOLD

**SUPPLIES:**  
Bleach, Laundry Detergent, Environmentally-Friendly Dish Soap, Murphy's Oil

Soap, Pinesol, Trash Bags,

Brooms, Rugs, Candles, Energy-Efficient Light Bulbs, Aluminum Foil, Plastic Wrap, Sandwich and Freezer Bags, Bath Towels, Playing Cards, Candles

### HOUSE REPAIRS:

With four old houses, there are plenty of projects large and small. We invite do-it-yourselfers—individuals or groups—with skills in carpentry, plumbing, painting, electrical, etc. to come in, look over our housing needs, and choose a project. Bring your own tools if possible.

### LIBRARY:

Peace and Justice books for the Berrigan House Library

### \$CASH MONEY\$:

Cash donations are essential to pay our property taxes, utilities, repair and maintenance of property, upkeep and gas for two vans, purchase of needed supplies, our community gardening and for the continued publication and mailing of the via pacis, a good 20% of our annual expenses.

## DMCW WEBSITE

For up to date news & info on the community, the Rachel Corrie Project, Berrigan House and Occupy the World Food Prize visit the DMCW web page: [www.dmcatholicworker.org/](http://www.dmcatholicworker.org/).



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